

# Absolution

## [Part One]

C'RIZZ: Absolution. Noun. The remission of sins granted by a chosen emancipator of the Church of the Foundation. An emancipator hand-picked from the Eutermesan masses and rewarded for obedience and total devotion. One governed by the laws of a timeless Universe to which, should he ever leave it, he may never ever return. Out here, amongst these wandering souls, souls who call to me and beg me to join them, out here those laws no longer apply.

STRAITH: Ah, Phelgreth, my dear fellow.

PHELGRETH: Straith.

STRAITH: How fares our volga herd tonight?

PHELGRETH: They're not moving. Just standing there. Scared of the fire, I suppose.

STRAITH: Ah yes. That was a capital idea of mine, you know, setting light to the spillage pits.

Gave the Outlanders a bit of a shock, eh?

PHELGRETH: Apart from that, looks like we're in for yet another quiet night. Hold on, what's that?

STRAITH: What's what?

PHELGRETH: I thought I saw something, sir. At the edge of the barrier. There, look. Look!

Looks like it's coming this way. Straith, it's one of those Black Angels!

STRAITH: For the Forsaker's name, it's piercing barrier!

PHELGRETH: That's impossible. Nothing can penetrate the barrier.

STRAITH: Well, this thing has. Quick, sound the alarm!

PHELGRETH: Throw me the net. The net!

(Alarm bell ringing.)

STRAITH: Oh, hang on, it's caught in the

PHELGRETH: Come on!

STRAITH: Oh, got it. Here.

PHELGRETH: Right. Angel or no, this should hold you. (effort)

STRAITH: The claws! Phelgreth, don't let it touch you!

PHELGRETH: (struggling) I'll try to remember that.

STRAITH: You two, help out here.

PHELGRETH: No you don't. No.

STRAITH: Take it to the crypt. Look lively, guards. Step to it. I'd better tell the Overseer we've captured one. Well done, Sergeant. Text book stuff, eh?

PHELGRETH: Thank you, sir. I'll see it's secure before, before we begin.

(The Black Angel is snarling.)

PHELGRETH: Let's have a look at you then. There, there. Just relax. I'll have some food brought down from the kitchen.

(Door opens, footsteps.)

STRAITH: Is it secure?

PHELGRETH: It is.

STRAITH: Pretty looking thing, isn't it? Grey flesh, filthy claws, leathery wings. More beast than man, or woman in this case.

PHELGRETH: I suppose that makes us more man than beast, then.

STRAITH: Perhaps. Anyway, exciting night. Still, time for me to turn in.

PHELGRETH: I've got another two hours of patrol ahead. Think I'll ask the cellarer for a mug of hot sherva with a little something extra in it. Might help settle the nerves.

STRAITH: Nerves, Phelgreth? I thought nothing shocked you any more. Well, goodnight.

PHELGRETH: Night.

(Straith leaves. The Black Angel makes noises.)

PHELGRETH: And you should get some sleep as well.

(She howls.)

ABORESH [OC]: C'Rizz, come to us. You are our salvation.

C'RIZZ: Who are you? Why do you need my help?

ABORESH [OC]: My name is unimportant, my story is not. A long time ago, the people of my world woke one morning to a blinding flash. The planet shook so violently that millions perished

from the tremors alone. They were the lucky ones.

C'RIZZ: What caused it? A bomb? A meteor?

ABORESH [OC]: We thought so, until the changes began.

C'RIZZ: What sort of changes.

ABORESH [OC]: Many found their bodies distorting and undergoing severe corruption of the tissues, musculature and organs. Their very thought processes were also twisted and warped. Family turned upon family, friend upon friend. The streets ran with blood.

C'RIZZ: When did all of this happen?

ABORESH [OC]: I stopped keeping track after the nine hundredth year.

C'RIZZ: What? You are almost a thousand years old?

ABORESH [OC]: I stopped counting. Many centuries must have passed since then.

C'RIZZ: So you're immortal?

ABORESH [OC]: No, we can die, but things have been slowed.

C'RIZZ: But why weren't you killed in the bloodshed? How were you not swept up in the chaos and rioting?

ABORESH [OC]: Simply because it was I who led it. Ah, it is time. I must be gone.

C'RIZZ: No, wait. Why are you telling me this? What do you want me for?

ABORESH [OC]: We will meet again very soon.

(Knocking on door, door opens.)

CHARLEY: C'Rizz? Didn't you hear me knocking?

C'RIZZ: Sorry, Charley. I must have fallen asleep.

CHARLEY: Lazybones. May I come in?

C'RIZZ: Mmm, of course.

CHARLEY: What have you been up to? Spring cleaning? What is all this stuff?

C'RIZZ: Oh, just a few things from home. Here, have a seat.

CHARLEY: Do you miss it, home?

C'RIZZ: Miss it? Not really. There is a feeling, though, as if I'm somehow incomplete.

CHARLEY: You're homesick, maybe. It's perfectly normal. I know you were anxious to leave the Divergent Universe, but ultimately it is your home.

C'RIZZ: Was. This is my home now, the Tardis.

CHARLEY: I suppose there are worse places to hang one's hat.

C'RIZZ: And you and the Doctor, well, you're my (pause) family.

CHARLEY: (laughs) What a family. Just don't let me catch you calling me sis, all right?

C'RIZZ: Of course. So, what has the Doctor been up to?

CHARLEY: Oh, let's see. So far he's twice managed to burn out something called a reciprocation circuit, materialised the Tardis on the back of a giant prehistoric turtle, and it was none to pleased about that, I can tell you, and nearly collided with a shiny swirly burgundy blob he kept referring to as the Bertram.

C'RIZZ: In other words

BOTH: A typical day in the Tardis.

CHARLEY: Anyway, I thought it best to stay out of his way for a while, and I got it into my to have a look in on you. Hope you don't mind me interrupting your tidying.

C'RIZZ: No, of course not.

CHARLEY: Hey, I've never seen you wearing these. What are they?

C'RIZZ: Ah, those are Thessle beads, made from the sun-bleached knucklebones of Scatterfish.

CHARLEY: Fish? I don't remember very much water in the Eutermese Zone.

C'RIZZ: They live on land. You find them under rocks out in the desert.

CHARLEY: Pretty. I think.

C'RIZZ: Oh, you can wear them if you want.

CHARLEY: Er, I think I'll pass, thanks all the same. Knucklebones clash with this frock.

C'RIZZ: Suit yourself.

CHARLEY: Oh, what's this?

C'RIZZ: Er, nothing. Here

CHARLEY: It looks really old.

C'RIZZ: It is. Could I have it back?

CHARLEY: Not until you tell me what it is.

C'RIZZ: It's called an Absolver.

CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry. Is it something to do with your Church?

C'RIZZ: Yes. A religious icon, nothing more.

CHARLEY: It's beautiful. What do these inscriptions say?

C'RIZZ: Oh, just words from our sacred texts.

(Buzz.)

CHARLEY: What did I do? Did I press something? What does this blue light mean?

C'RIZZ: If you agitate the crystals inside, they (pause) glow, that's all. They're just harmless minerals from my home.

CHARLEY: Like your moonstone pendant.

C'RIZZ: Yes! In some ways. Please, let me put it away now.

CHARLEY: No, wait. Let me have a quick look inside.

C'RIZZ: No, Charley, you mustn't!

(Big noise with long drawn out voices.)

(Knocking.)

PHELGRETH: Straith! Straith, wake up!

STRAITH: What is it, Phelgreth? Some sort of tremor?

PHELGRETH: I don't think so, sir. Look at the sky. It's, it's opening.

STRAITH: Great Forsaker! Look at the Outlanders, they're retreating, running away in panic.

PHELGRETH: Is this the prophecy, sir? Sir?

(Big rumble.)

C'RIZZ: Charley? Charley, is that you?

CHARLEY [OC]: C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: I can't see you, Charley. I can't see anything through this fog. (coughs) What is that awful stench?

CHARLEY [OC]: Come to me, C'Rizz. Help me!

C'RIZZ: Keep talking, Charley. I can follow your voice.

(Something snarls nearby.)

C'RIZZ: What is that? Charley, there's something else in here with us. Be careful! Charley?

Charley, I can't hear you any more! Where are you?

(Snarls and multiple voices calling out 'we're trapped, our fate is in your hands or something like it.)

CHARLEY: C'Rizz! C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: Absolve, all of you, absolve!

CHARLEY: Calm down, C'Rizz. It's me. It's Charley.

C'RIZZ: Charley? I warned you.

CHARLEY: About what?

C'RIZZ: I told you not to open it. The reliquary.

CHARLEY: Oh, never mind that. Something's wrong with the Tardis.

C'RIZZ: The Tardis? I didn't hear anything.

CHARLEY: Shh. Listen. Do you hear it? That doesn't sound right to me. We'd better find the Doctor. Come on.

CHARLEY: Is it me, or are the lights dimming?

C'RIZZ: It's not you. It's getting colder, too.

CHARLEY: Oh, come on. Let's get to the console room.

C'RIZZ: Wait. The console room's this way.

CHARLEY: Don't be silly. It's this way.

ABORESH [OC]: Go back.

C'RIZZ: What was that?

CHARLEY: I've no idea, but it's just made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

C'RIZZ: Still convinced it's that way?

CHARLEY: Er, let's go your way, if it's all the same.

CACOTHIS: I came as quickly as I could, Lolanthia. The Citadel's in uproar. There's panic everywhere.

LOLANTHIA: They want answers, Overseer. They have convened this meeting because they seek guidance.

CACOTHIS: And they look to me for it, of course.

LOLANTHIA: Naturally. It is your obligation. You have done it before.

CACOTHIS: Yes, but never during such troubling times.

LOLANTHIA: You calmed their nerves when those mysterious shapes first appeared in the heavens.

CACOTHIS: True.

LOLANTHIA: And when long after the disaster, madness seemed to rear its head, you helped unify them and restore order.

CACOTHIS: That I did.

LOLANTHIA: What are you going to tell them this time, Father?

CACOTHIS: I don't know. Yet. Let me first pay a visit to the Chapel.

LOLANTHIA: Your people need you, and they need you now.

CACOTHIS: Don't let's argue, daughter. I shall join you all soon. It's not as though they have something better to do with their time.

DOCTOR: Ah, hello. Good of you to finally turn up. You're just in time.

CHARLEY: In time for what?

DOCTOR: Well, either to witness my masterful skill at saving our lives, or

C'RIZZ: Or what?

DOCTOR: Or to experience the utter destruction of the Tardis. Anyone care to place any bets?

CHARLEY: Depends on what the odds are.

DOCTOR: Several thousand to one.

CHARLEY: In favour of survival or destruction.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, what's happening?

DOCTOR: Some sort of psychic interference. The Tardis is confused. It's as if something has scrambled its brains. All the safety buffers are down and we're accelerating out of control through the vortex.

CHARLEY: Well, is there anything C'Rizz and I can do?

DOCTOR: Yes. Charley, you hold this switch down, and C'Rizz? Stand there, take that lever in your hand, and when I give the word you throw it as if our lives depend on it. Which of course they do.

C'RIZZ: What are you hoping to do?

DOCTOR: I'm going to try and adjust our trajectory to trip the dimensional flow ever so slightly. At the very least it should stabilise our course.

C'RIZZ: Whenever you're ready, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Wait for it, wait for it. Right. Now!  
(Lever thrown.)

STRAITH: Phelgreth, tell me I'm not seeing what I think I'm seeing.

PHELGRETH: It's the Great Beast, isn't it, sir. Belarus, just as the prophecy foretold. Even from this distance it's huge.

STRAITH: Stay here, Sergeant. I must report this to the Order at once.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: We've stopped.

CHARLEY: Can I let go of this?

DOCTOR: Yes, of course.

(Bong!)

C'RIZZ: The Cloister Bell.

CHARLEY: Shall I hold the switch down again?

DOCTOR: No, it's nothing to do with you. Let's take a peek outside, shall we?

(Scanner on.)

DOCTOR: Well, we're in non-planetary space, that's for sure. Judging by the stars, I'd say we're somewhere in the constellation of Aries. Yes, that's Triangulum Australe there. and there. Oh dear.

CHARLEY: Spaceships.

DOCTOR: And lots of them too. That's a Bizarli Pulsecarrier, over there a Ray-R Salutine Sloop, and there a Colith Weaver. Amazing ships, those. They use pre-cognitive technology to fabricate their destination. The resulting paradox of two co-existing zones of identical space and time forces the source sector to cease to be, and the new woven sector, as well as the ship, of course, to instantaneously snap into the resulting hollow. Fascinating.

C'RIZZ: Impossible.

DOCTOR: You'd better not tell that to the Colith, C'Rizz, otherwise their delicately balanced science would crumble, leaving them all stranded in a void of implausibility.

CHARLEY: You're talking nonsense again.

DOCTOR: Nonsense is to sense as shade is to light. It heightens effect.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, there must be dozens of ships out there.

DOCTOR: Hundreds, I should say.

C'RIZZ: Well, shouldn't we get out of their way?

DOCTOR: They're not moving, C'Rizz. And neither are we. The Tardis doesn't seem to be responding to anything. Curiouser and curiouser. The Cloister Bell's just modulated down by a tri-tone.

CHARLEY: I'm assuming that's a bad thing.

DOCTOR: Unprecedented. Diabolus in musica.

CHARLEY: What is this place? Some kind of spaceship graveyard?

DOCTOR: Worse, far worse. I think we're in Limbo, Charley, or Purgatory. Trapped half way between Heaven and Hell.

(Banging of gavel.)

LOLANTHIA: Order! There will be order in these chambers.

CACOTHIS: Thank you, Lolanthia. Now I know that you're all concerned about what's been happening. The tremors, the infernal winds, all of it. We know that since the time of the catastrophe, anomalous climactic effects have been commonplace. We have all seen the lights in the sky and heard the thunder. Now admittedly we have never experienced anything quite like this, so what I propose is an extensive period of prayer.

(The crowd disagrees.)

LOLANTHIA: That is your answer? Prayer? Prayer won't stop showers of ash. Prayer won't halt volcanoes.

CACOTHIS: Lolanthia, please.

LOLANTHIA: Prayer won't put an end to all this!

CACOTHIS: If you, if any of you have come here believing that I have all the answers, then you are mistaken. Our fate is, as ever, in the hands of the Forsaker. Remember the words of the prophecy. Thou shalt dwell in Limbo awaiting judgment, for this is thy punishment. Thou shalt endure it in this world of flame until

LOLANTHIA: Please don't start quoting scripture. We all know exactly what is written in your beloved prophecy. You've recited it to us often enough. It doesn't help us walk out of the Citadel, stabilise the weather patterns or heal those shattered souls beyond the walls.

CACOTHIS: But for now, daughter, right now, it's all that we have. This meeting is adjourned.

(Gavel bangs.)

LOLANTHIA: Thank you, Father. Superstitious to the last. And so we pray, as the world tumbles down around us.

CHARLEY: But Heaven and Hell? I mean, you can't really be serious, Doctor. Can you? What's that on the scanner?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but I think it may be the reason we're here.

C'RIZZ: It's like a patch of empty space.

DOCTOR: Mmm, definitely not empty. According to these readings, there's something inside it. Listen.

CHARLEY: What is that?

DOCTOR: Those are non-thermal planetary radio emissions. Many celestial bodies emit them, but I suspect there is something unique about these particular signals. A quick filter adjustment and

CHARLEY: That sounds like

C'RIZZ: People.

DOCTOR: The agonised cries of countless lost souls forever imprisoned within a shattered Hell of bleakness and despair.

CHARLEY: Hell? Doctor, are you sure you mean

DOCTOR: Hell. Tartarus. Hades. Take your pick. Listen, Charley, whatever you call it, every culture, everywhere in the galaxy has some equivalent. Who's to say they didn't all originate in the same place. Here.

CHARLEY: But, Doctor, surely

DOCTOR: We are in a forbidden sector of space. We must have slipped right past the No

Trespass beacons when the Tardis went out of control. Those beacons are put up for a very good reason, Charley.

(Whoomph!)

C'RIZZ: Did you feel that?

DOCTOR: We're moving, descending into the anomaly. Hang on, both of you!

CACOTHIS: Great Forsaker, it is I, Cacothis, your High Priest who calls to you for help. A change has come upon our world. New omens, new augurys. The people look to me for help and yet I am powerless to answer them. Tell me, Great Forsaker, what do these signs portend? Forsaker.

PHELGRETH: Ahem. Overseer. Sir.

CACOTHIS: How many times must I say this? I'm not to be disturbed whilst in prayer!

PHELGRETH: Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. Won't happen again, sir.

CACOTHIS: Well, Phelgreth? What can I do for you?

PHELGRETH: I was asked to update you on the situation outside.

CACOTHIS: Then pray do so.

PHELGRETH: We've spotted a shape on the horizon.

CACOTHIS: A shape? Be more specific, man.

PHELGRETH: I'm trying, sir.

CACOTHIS: Indeed you are. Go on.

PHELGRETH: It's like a ball of smoke, or liquid. Things, faces, forms, swim to the surface as the shape moves. I was wondering whether, well, whether it might be Borarus.

CACOTHIS: Ah, yes. Borarus the Formist, the Great Beast of Athnagar, the Omega of Time and Space. Well, it certainly sounds like it, doesn't it?

PHELGRETH: Then it's true, sir? The prophecy, it's coming to pass.

CACOTHIS: It would appear so, yes. Can it be that after three thousand years we will finally be released?

PHELGRETH: Sir?

CACOTHIS: Do you recall how it's supposed to end, the prophecy?

PHELGRETH: Isn't there something about a pilgrim?

CACOTHIS: A pilgrim from beyond our world will sacrifice himself to Borarus, filling the beast with such melancholy that it will burst into a shower of crimson tears, never to rise again. Then, and only then, will our torment come to an end. Well, you'd best be getting back to the battlements. See what our Great Beast is up to now, eh?

PHELGRETH: Yes, sir. What will happen to the Outlanders, sir? Will Borarus destroy them?

CACOTHIS: Perhaps. It would be a merciful release, would it not?

PHELGRETH: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

CACOTHIS: A merciful release for all of us. I hope the Borarus destroys every living thing in the wastelands. And I hope, I hope Aboresh, that he destroys you too.

ABORESH: Come, my brothers and sisters. It is time. The vessel has been opened, and already the freed souls journey to us across the immensity of space. We must call to them, draw them to the wastelands. Borarus needs such souls to feed upon. And with them we will bring the pilgrim. He alone is the key to our salvation. He will unite with the Beast and crush the Citadel. Victory will be ours. Come, my brethren. Give me your minds and I, Aboresh, will bring this Tardis to us.

CROWD: Dies irae, irae Faustus. Dies irae, irae Faustus. Dies irae, irae Faustus!

DOCTOR: Speed's still increasing. Keep holding on, everyone.

CHARLEY: Those voices, I can't bear it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Concentrate, Charley. You should be able to block them out.

CHARLEY: I can't. They're inside my head.

DOCTOR: What was your favourite nursery rhyme?

CHARLEY: What? Er, Oranges and Lemons.

DOCTOR: Sing it. Sing it! Come on!

CHARLEY: (singing) Oranges and lemons

DOCTOR: Say the bells of

CHARLEY: Say the bells of Saint Clements. You owe me five farthings say the bells of Saint Martins.

DOCTOR: Keep going, Charley. We're nearly through. Any minute now we'll enter the heart of

the anomaly. It's like being in the eye of a hurricane. Things should begin to stabilise.  
(Peace descends.)

DOCTOR: There, what did I tell you? Now, let's see if we can ouch!

CHARLEY: What's the matter?

DOCTOR: The console, it's red hot.

C'RIZZ: And getting hotter, by the looks of things. The dials and knobs are beginning to melt.  
(Whumph.)

CHARLEY: What was that noise?

DOCTOR: My God, this is impossible.

CHARLEY: Doctor, the floor's cracking!

DOCTOR: I don't believe it. The Tardis is splitting apart.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, move!

C'RIZZ: I, I can't! My legs, I can't move them.

DOCTOR: Jump! Jump! Come on, jump, or you'll be sucked into the void.

C'RIZZ: I can't! Doctor, Charley, argh!

CHARLEY: C'Rizz!

## [Part Two]

C'RIZZ: Where, where am I? Doctor? Charley? Can you hear me? Oh, it's so cold. Hang on. I'm inside the Tardis. How can there be a wind blowing?

ABORESH [OC]: The Gateway opens.

C'RIZZ: Who's, who's there?

(Flapping of leathery wings.)

ABORESH [OC]: Do not fear. We welcome the Chosen Vessel.

C'RIZZ: Chosen Vessel? Er, nice monsters. Excuse me while I run for my life.

ABORESH [OC]: Seize him. Bring him to me.

DOCTOR: We made it. Everything's intact again, back to normal.

CHARLEY: Where's C'Rizz, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know, Charley.

CHARLEY: You don't know? But he just fell into. Well, where?

DOCTOR: There's no telling where. The level of psychic energy required to reconfigure the architecture of the Tardis like that, it's incredible! And very unpredictable.

CHARLEY: I gathered that from the tank.

DOCTOR: Tank? What are you talking about?

CHARLEY: The tank that's currently positioned where we used to have a bookcase.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, that tank. A British Mark Four, by the look of it. Now where did I pick that up.

CHARLEY: Don't you mean when? Anyway, how do you know it's yours?

DOCTOR: That kind of psychic energy can only reorder things. It can't import new objects.

Everything we have in the Tardis is still within the Tardis, just in a different place.

CHARLEY: Including C'Rizz?

DOCTOR: I hope so. Now shush.

CHARLEY: (sotto) What are we listening for? The Cloister Bell?

DOCTOR: No, there's something else. Very faint. There.

CHARLEY: A heartbeat. C'Rizz?

DOCTOR: Or the Tardis itself.

CHARLEY: The Tardis has a heart?

DOCTOR: In a manner of speaking. She's not just nuts and bolts, you know.

CHARLEY: Then it's probably not good news that the lights in the central column are fading.

DOCTOR: No, that's not good. Not good at all.

CHARLEY: Are we losing power?

DOCTOR: Very probably. Ouch! Still hot. Why is it still hot?

CHARLEY: Er, Doctor, what's that on your hand.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Er, oil, probably, from the er, the. Oh.

CHARLEY: What is it?

DOCTOR: I've just remembered. The Tardis doesn't use oil.

CHARLEY: Then what is that dripping off the console?

DOCTOR: Charley, get out of here.

CHARLEY: It's blood, isn't it, Doctor? Doctor, the control column, it's filling up! It's going to burst!

DOCTOR: Out, out, out, out now!  
CHARLEY: I'm not leaving you. Doctor, look out!  
(Bang! Slosh! Tinkle of glass.)  
CHARLEY: Doctor!

ABORESH: Release him.  
(Thud.)  
ABORESH: Be at ease, friend C'Rizz.  
C'RIZZ: You're, you're the voice in my dreams.  
ABORESH: My name is Aboresh.  
C'RIZZ: How did you get inside the Tardis?  
ABORESH: We manipulated our minds to burn into your vessel.  
C'RIZZ: I see. What about my friends?  
ABORESH: They are unharmed.  
C'RIZZ: And they'd better stay that way.  
ABORESH: Good. Your spirit remains unbroken. We shall need that for what is to come.

CHARLEY: Doctor. Are you all right, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm fine. Just sticky.  
CHARLEY: I take it that blood isn't yours.  
DOCTOR: Fortunately not. Actually, I think (sniffs) it's human, yes. AB Negative, by the smell, same as you.  
CHARLEY: What happened? I'm assuming this has never happened before.  
DOCTOR: Not that I can remember. But the Tardis is a living thing, Charley, which means that if it goes severely wrong, then some severely strange things can happen. Maybe it's the empathic circuits.  
CHARLEY: The what circuits?  
DOCTOR: Empathic. The old girl wants us to know she's hurt.  
CHARLEY: Well, it seems a bit melodramatic.  
DOCTOR: So is plunging into the heart of Hell.  
CHARLEY: Then all this blood, it isn't real?  
DOCTOR: It's real enough. The only thing I can think of is that the Tardis synthesised it from your own blood type.  
(Noise, like a chimpanzee?)  
CHARLEY: Did you just hear something?  
DOCTOR: Oh dear. I hope this isn't what I think it is. (more noises) It is what I thought it was.  
CHARLEY: What are they?  
DOCTOR: Hellions. Gremlins, you'd call them. Transdimensional parasites who home in on chaotic eddies in the probability stream.  
CHARLEY: Gremlins? Are you serious?  
(Using the controls.)  
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, very amusing. Put that back! Watch it! Hellions feed off improbability, Charley. The larger the odds of something happening or not happening, the tastier it becomes to a Hellion.  
CHARLEY: So the Tardis breaking down, splitting apart and exploding with blood must have seemed like a banquet.  
DOCTOR: Exactly.  
CHARLEY: What's got into them now?  
DOCTOR: Oh, that's bad.  
CHARLEY: What's the matter?  
DOCTOR: When the central column ruptured, the damage must have run deep. Radiation is pouring into the console room. If we don't get out of here right now, we'll die.  
CHARLEY: What are we waiting for then? Come on!  
(Running, doors open.)

(Wailing voices in the background.)  
C'RIZZ: What do you want with me? Why did you bring me here?  
ABORESH: Destiny has brought you here, C'Rizz. You are the key to my world's salvation.  
C'RIZZ: What are you talking about? I thought you said your world had been destroyed. Who is there left to save?



ABORESH: The souls contained within the vessel you carried.

C'RIZZ: You mean my Absolver?

ABORESH: Those souls were released the moment it was opened. They were confused. Everything they knew in life was gone. They weren't on the same planet. They weren't even in the same universe any more.

C'RIZZ: I didn't mean to let them out.

ABORESH: They found their way to my home. Their pain and suffering drew them to my world, to Utebbadon-Tarria. This ship, the Tardis, was merely caught in their wake.

C'RIZZ: But why come here? What's so special about Ute, about your world?

ABORESH: Ah, now that is a mystery, isn't it.

(Sonic screwdriver.)

CHARLEY: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Isolating the console room from the rest of the Tardis.

CHARLEY: What, does that mean we can't go back in there?

DOCTOR: Not for a while. Hopefully the repair circuits will kick in, seal the breach and start regenerating the central column.

CHARLEY: Hopefully? And in the meantime?

DOCTOR: We find C'Rizz.

CHARLEY: Well, that sounds good.

DOCTOR: Purge the psychic contamination.

CHARLEY: Right.

DOCTOR: Reactivate the Tardis.

CHARLEY: How?

DOCTOR: All suggestions welcome, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: Er.

ABORESH: Follow me.

C'RIZZ: Where are you taking me?

ABORESH: It is time you walked upon my world.

(Ripping noise.)

ABORESH: Come. I assure you it's quite safe.

C'RIZZ: Then you won't mind going first.

ABORESH: Very well.

(Footsteps. Internal door opens.)

CHARLEY: I'm sorry, Doctor. I should have told you before.

DOCTOR: Well, it would certainly explain those voices.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz warned me not to open it, but I didn't listen. It's here somewhere.

DOCTOR: An Absolver, you say? I've never heard of such a thing.

CHARLEY: Well, nor had I. He was quite happy to show me some other bits and bobs, but he seemed very nervous when I got. Ah! Here it is. Now, C'Rizz called it a reliquary

DOCTOR: Reliquary?

CHARLEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: Did he now. Well, they usually contain something, and this one's empty.

CHARLEY: But it wasn't when I first saw it. There was a blue light beneath that jewel, and somehow it seemed heavier.

DOCTOR: Meaning that whatever this thing contained

CHARLEY: Is free. Yes.

DOCTOR: I've got an idea. Come on.

(Constant buzzing.)

C'RIZZ: What is this thing?

ABORESH: A psychic conduit held together by sheer force of will.

C'RIZZ: Your will?

ABORESH: Correct. You too possess the potential for such creation, C'Rizz, and I will show you how to master it.

C'RIZZ: What for?

ABORESH: To release us from this torment, C'Rizz. There are thousands of lost souls on my world, and you are our Saviour.

C'RIZZ: I'm no one's saviour.  
ABORESH: We are here. Brace yourself.  
(Sound effect ricochets around your head.)

(Run, thump. Run, thump.)  
CHARLEY: Oh, come on, Doctor. Put your back into it.  
DOCTOR: Oh, thanks for the support. This door hasn't been opened in centuries.  
(Thump!)  
DOCTOR: Come on, give us a hand.  
(They both take runs at the door, then it opens.)  
DOCTOR: Well done.  
(They both cough.)  
DOCTOR: Team work, you can't beat it.  
CHARLEY: Oh, what on Earth's in there?  
DOCTOR: Just wait and see. Come on.

ABORESH: We are here. Stand and let them look upon you.  
C'RIZZ: (coughs) The air, it burns. I can't breathe.  
ABORESH: Will it, C'Rizz. Make the atmosphere your own.  
C'RIZZ: I can't.  
ABORESH: You can. Now concentrate. You can change the air as easily as you can change the colour of your own flesh.  
C'RIZZ: It's, it's working. I can breathe. It, it's sweet, like the air of my home.  
ABORESH: Our air is now your air.  
C'RIZZ: What's going on here, Aboresh? I've never been able to do things like that before.  
ABORESH: It will take time, but you will learn. Now come, address them.  
C'RIZZ: What am I supposed to say?  
ABORESH: Speak from your heart. Your arrival here was foretold in the prophecy. The words you speak now you will always have spoken.  
C'RIZZ: People of Utebbadon-Tarria. I am C'Rizz. My arrival here is not, I see, a surprise to any of you. Neither is it for me. In many ways, I foresaw this. My people believe that the dreams immediately before waking are the most prescient. My dreams have been of a land of mists, where souls wandered and called out for me to help. A broken land, shattered by a catastrophe and flooded with pain and suffering. And, and I see now that this is the world of those dreams, and that you, my people, are the ones I have come all this way to help.

DOCTOR: Ta da! Well, what do you think?  
CHARLEY: Well, it's like the console room, but smaller and oh, dustier. (sneezes.)  
DOCTOR: Actually, it *is* the console room. Well, one of them. The quinternary console room, or do I mean the quinary console room?  
CHARLEY: Quinary? What kind of a word is that?  
DOCTOR: The correct one. Now, stop carping and close the door. We have work to do.  
(Door closed.)  
CHARLEY: Will it work?  
DOCTOR: No idea. I haven't used it in a very long time, if ever.  
CHARLEY: That doesn't surprise me. It looks and smells like an old lady's parlour.  
DOCTOR: Any more value judgments before we begin?  
CHARLEY: No, just a question. Should I remove the antimacassars from this armchair before I sit in it?  
DOCTOR: No time for sitting down. Now, assuming the psychic influence hasn't contaminated it, this console should be fully operational.  
(Levers and dials being moved.)  
DOCTOR: Which means that we can reroute the primary control systems through here, activate the dimensional buffers and jump-start the Tardis. Like so.  
(Tardis engines start and stop.)  
CHARLEY: Want me to get out and push?  
DOCTOR: Power conduits open, astral inducers charged. What am I missing? Oh yes, of course. A friendly nudge of encouragement.  
(Thumps the console. A brief bit of power.)  
DOCTOR: Well, that can mean only one thing.

CHARLEY: Violence is not the answer?

DOCTOR: We've already landed.

(Thud!)

CHARLEY: What now? That sounds like someone's trying to kick their way into the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Activate the view screen.

CHARLEY: It's on the blink.

(Thud!)

DOCTOR: Whoever it is, they seem quite insistent, don't they.

CHARLEY: But they can't get in, can they? I mean, the Tardis is impenetrable, right, Doctor? Doctor?

(Thud!)

C'RIZZ: Aboresh, in my dream you spoke of the chaos which followed the catastrophe. You also said that you were responsible for coordinating that chaos.

ABORESH: You must understand the madness of that time, C'Rizz. The world was twisted from Paradise to Purgatory. No one was spared, only me. I had to create order out of chaos.

C'RIZZ: So when all the others began to lash out, you stepped in to organise them?

ABORESH: Not exactly. They chose me and embraced me as their leader. Then, when I began to teach them things, they began to serve and even obey me.

C'RIZZ: And that's when, when.

ABORESH: Something the matter?

C'RIZZ: That looks like. No, it can't be.

(Thud!)

DOCTOR: Right, stand back, Charley. I'm going to open the doors.

CHARLEY: But Doctor, we have no idea what's out there.

DOCTOR: And the only way of finding out is to open the doors. And just now we're badly in need of answers. Exciting, isn't it?

(Footsteps.)

PHELGRETH: Sir, it's, it's

CHARLEY: Bigger on the inside?

PHELGRETH: Yes!

STRAITH: Don't talk to it, you fool. Stay where you are, demon.

CHARLEY: Who are you calling demon? You're the one with the pitch fork.

STRAITH: Cease your devil words, woman, and tell me, who are you and how did you bypass the barrier? Now speak true, or my associate here will have you flayed.

DOCTOR: I am the Doctor and this is Miss Charlotte Pollard. We didn't catch your names.

STRAITH: We did not give them.

PHELGRETH: What is this place?

DOCTOR: The Tardis. Our home.

STRAITH: Where have you come from? How did you get inside the Citadel?

DOCTOR: Well, where we came from is quite a long way away, and how we entered your Citadel is

CHARLEY: By magic.

STRAITH: Ah, magic! I knew it!

DOCTOR: (sotto) Charley.

CHARLEY: The Tardis is a magical travelling box.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Is this a good idea?

CHARLEY: (sotto) Look at them, Doctor. They're dressed like mediaeval monks. Do you really expect them to understand the Tardis? I mean, I don't actually understand it myself.

DOCTOR: Fair point.

STRAITH: You will both come with us.

DOCTOR: What a good idea. And you won't need those weapons. We're quite cooperative, aren't we, Charley?

CHARLEY: Oh yes, of course. Completely. (sotto) We could just close the door.

DOCTOR: (sotto) But we need answers.

STRAITH: Silence! This way.

(Footsteps.)

ABORESH: Fascinating. Even I have never been able to achieve that.  
C'RIZZ: What are you talking about, Aboresh?  
ABORESH: Your mind touched the minds of your friends. You were able to see them, hear them, be with them.  
C'RIZZ: Yes, well, that's hardly difficult when they're standing right in front of you.  
ABORESH: True. Except your friends are not in front of us. They are within the Citadel, and that is over seventy leagues from here.  
C'RIZZ: Seventy leagues? Then we must hurry. They're in trouble.  
ABORESH: C'Rizz, for the first time in your life you've experienced something you never thought yourself capable of. Do you really wish to rush straight to your friends, scramble back inside your spaceship and fly away?  
C'RIZZ: They're all I know, all I want to know.  
ABORESH: You were fated to walk upon my world, C'Rizz. Your friends have served their purpose. Let them go.

DOCTOR: Ah, nothing quite so comforting as a roaring fire, eh, Charley?  
CHARLEY: As long as we don't end up in it.  
STRAITH: Guard them closely, Phelgreth. I will fetch the Overseer.  
PHELGRETH: Sir. Sit. Please.  
DOCTOR: I don't suppose we could trouble you for a bite to eat? Some soup, a crust of bread?  
CHARLEY: Steak and kidney pie?  
PHELGRETH: The Overseer will see to your request. Sorry, but Straith will have my guts for garters if he thinks I've been fraternising with prisoners.  
DOCTOR: Straith. So that's his name.  
PHELGRETH: Very good, Doctor. I see I shall have to be more circumspect around you.  
DOCTOR: Well, in fairness, Straith was the first to blow your identity. He called you Phelgreth just now.  
CHARLEY: Nice to make your acquaintance, Phelgreth.  
PHELGRETH: You too, Charley.  
(Footsteps.)  
DOCTOR: Ah, you must be the Overseer, yes? I'm the Doctor, this is my friend Charley.  
CACOTHIS: Amazing. Quite amazing.  
DOCTOR: How nice of you to say so.  
CACOTHIS: Forgive me, we've not had visitors in a very long time.  
DOCTOR: Well, a chance is as good as a rest, so they say.  
CACOTHIS: What puzzles me is how you came to be here in the first place. How were you able to bypass the barrier?  
DOCTOR: The barrier. Now that's the second time someone's mentioned that. This is an energy barrier, I take it?  
CACOTHIS: If you say so.  
STRAITH: They travelled here in a magic box, Overseer.  
CACOTHIS: Did they indeed?  
DOCTOR: Yes, well, not entirely. Magic may not be quite the right word, especially if you're a superstitious lot with a penchant for burning witches.  
CHARLEY: (sotto) Well done, Doctor. Clever idea to plant the thought in their heads.  
CACOTHIS: Young lady, you will not be harmed. I promise you. As long as you're not Outlanders you are most welcome here.  
CHARLEY: Outlanders?  
CACOTHIS: Guards, you may leave us.  
STRAITH + PHELGRETH: Overseer.  
(Footsteps, door closes. They speak in whispers.)  
CACOTHIS: You do not know of Outlanders?  
CHARLEY: No. Why, should we?  
CACOTHIS: Then you truly are from beyond our world.  
DOCTOR: And definitely beyond your galaxy, I'd say. Why are we whispering, Overseer?  
CACOTHIS: Please, call me Cacothis.  
DOCTOR: Why are we whispering, Cacothis?  
LOLANTHIA: Because he's a superstitious old fool who doesn't like to tempt fate.  
CACOTHIS: Lolanthia! This was supposed to be a private meeting.  
LOLANTHIA: I would have thought the arrival of two strangers in the Citadel was a matter that

affected us all.

CACOTHIS: Doctor, Charley, this is my daughter, Lolanthia.

LOLANTHIA: Pleasure to meet you both. You spoke of being from beyond our galaxy.

DOCTOR: My, my, you do have good hearing.

LOLANTHIA: Around my father that's very essential. Well, is it true? Have you been to other worlds? Do you possess some sort of spacecraft?

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, and yes again. We'll show you, if you like.

(Footsteps.)

LOLANTHIA: This is your spacecraft?

DOCTOR: This is the Tardis.

CACOTHIS: But it's just a big blue wooden box.

DOCTOR: Ah ha, but wait until you see inside.

(Growl.)

DOCTOR: Ow! She bit me!

CHARLEY: The Tardis bit you? Are you serious?

(The key falls to the ground.)

CHARLEY: Oh here, allow me. Perhaps she needs a woman's touch.

DOCTOR: Charley, wait. I wouldn't touch her if I were you.

(Growl, scraping noise.)

CHARLEY: Er, Doctor?

LOLANTHIA: Is it supposed to do that?

DOCTOR: Not exactly, no.

CACOTHIS: What's happening, Doctor? A moment ago your magic box was blue. Now it appears to be made of stone.

DOCTOR: Perhaps the chameleon circuit's infected. Yes, that would make sense. While she's healing herself, the Tardis is trying to keep a low profile. That's why she's taken on the appearance of the closest material to her, the stones of this courtyard.

CHARLEY: Well, how long will it take to heal herself?

DOCTOR: I've no idea. To answer that I'd need access to the Tardis's instruments.

CHARLEY: Looks like we're stuck here then.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so.

CACOTHIS: I'm not sure I understand what's just happened, Doctor, but you are both welcome to stay with us for as long as you wish.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Cacothis. That's most generous.

CACOTHIS: Lolanthia, why don't you take charge of Charley, and I'll show the Doctor the rest of the Citadel.

LOLANTHIA: Of course. This way.

CHARLEY: I'm right behind you. (sotto) Doctor, what about C'Rizz? Do you think he's still inside the Tardis?

DOCTOR: (sotto) I've no idea. Wherever he is, let's hope he's safe.

C'RIZZ: Argh! It, it hurts!

ABORESH: You will learn to control the pain, channel it, master it. Let the pain flow through you like sand through your fingers.

C'RIZZ: That's, that's better.

ABORESH: Good. So tell me, C'Rizz. Why did you prevent your friends from re-entering the Tardis?

C'RIZZ: I wanted to make sure they were safe.

ABORESH: (laughs) Commendable. But why encase the ship in stone? Why not simply remove the lock?

C'RIZZ: It was the first thing that came into my head. I just wanted them to remain outside, to stay out of harm's way. Was that wrong of me?

ABORESH: Not at all. You did well, C'Rizz. Very well. Your strength and ability grows with every passing minute. Answer me this. How did it feel to wield such power?

C'RIZZ: Good, Aboresh. It felt good.

(Door opens, footsteps.)

LOLANTHIA: Do come in, Charley. These will be your sleeping quarters while you remain here as our guest. I apologise for the mess. I'm not normally this untidy.

CHARLEY: You call this messy? You should see my room in the Tardis.  
LOLANTHIA: I would have liked to. I've never seen inside a spaceship before.  
CHARLEY: Yes, well, another time, maybe.  
LOLANTHIA: Of course. Unless  
CHARLEY: Well, this is a charming room, Lolanthia. Very tastefully decorated. Who's the woman in this portrait? Your sister?  
LOLANTHIA: My mother, Aurithca. I have no siblings.  
CHARLEY: She's very beautiful.  
LOLANTHIA: Thank you.  
CHARLEY: Is she? I mean  
LOLANTHIA: Yes. She died a long time ago. I can hardly remember her. This portrait is all I have to remind me that she even existed.  
CHARLEY: I'm sorry. You must have been very young when she died.  
LOLANTHIA: No, I was not young. I haven't been young for years.

(Walking up metal steps.)

DOCTOR: Ever considered installing a lift?  
CACOTHIS: Yes. We're nearly there.  
DOCTOR: A glance from a window would have sufficed, Cacothis.  
CACOTHIS: But you said you wanted to see it all.  
DOCTOR: Is this the door?  
CACOTHIS: Yes, it is.

LOLANTHIA: There, your bed is all prepared.  
CHARLEY: Er, what did you mean just now about not being young?  
LOLANTHIA: I merely meant that some days I feel older than my nineteen years.  
CHARLEY: I know what you mean. I have days like that. Still, if you're feeling a bit frazzled round the edges, this candlelight is infinitely more flattering than sunlight.  
LOLANTHIA: It has been years since any of us have experienced sunlight here.  
CHARLEY: Oh, sorry, I, I just assumed it was night.  
LOLANTHIA: It is. Eternal night.  
CHARLEY: Eternal?  
LOLANTHIA: Our sun last illuminated the surface of Utebbadon-Tarria three thousand, well, so long ago no one remembers. We dwell in perpetual darkness now  
CHARLEY: What happened?  
LOLANTHIA: My father claims that Satan draped a sackcloth across our world.  
CHARLEY: And what do you believe?  
LOLANTHIA: I believe we're facing an atmospheric anomaly which completely defies explanation, for the time being, anyway.  
CHARLEY: I prefer your theory.  
LOLANTHIA: So do I.  
CHARLEY: And what do the rest of your people think? Those beyond the walls of the Citadel.  
LOLANTHIA: The Outlanders, you mean, beyond the barrier?  
CHARLEY: Yes, what do they think?  
LOLANTHIA: You really don't want to know.

(Big crash of thunder! Sounds like warfare.)

CACOTHIS: Well, Doctor, what do you think of the world beyond the barrier?  
DOCTOR: I've never seen anything like it. Pillars of flame, skeletal figures, airborne demons. It's infernal.  
CACOTHIS: That's what Utebbadon-Tarria is, Doctor. Welcome to Hell.

### [Part Three]

C'RIZZ [OC]: Charley. Charley, wake up.  
CHARLEY: (sleepy) Mmm. C'Rizz?  
C'RIZZ [OC]: Charley, can you hear me?  
CHARLEY: I'm tired, C'Rizz. Where are you?  
C'RIZZ [OC]: Not far, Charley. Follow my voice.

(Charley gets out of bed.)

CHARLEY: Where are we going?

C'RIZZ [OC]: Outside. To the edge of the barrier itself. Perhaps even beyond it.

CACOTHIS: So, how do you find our hot sherva?

DOCTOR: Delicious. Reminds me of some Silver Needle Tea I once had in Tibet. Won't you join me in a cup?

CACOTHIS: Ah, no thank you, Doctor. I'm seldom thirsty these days. So, tell me, what do you make of our wastelands out there?

DOCTOR: Positively Boschian.

CACOTHIS: Boschian?

DOCTOR: Heironymous Bosch, a painter friend of mine. I once posed for one of his triptychs, the Garden of Earthly Delights. Spent hours lying against a table. He went mad if you so much as twitched.

CACOTHIS: Doctor, your words

DOCTOR: Are meaningless. I know. I really need to curb that. So, in summary, you live in a bubble in Hell, protected from the Inferno by an induction barrier, but unable to escape because of that same barrier. Have I summed that up correctly?

CACOTHIS: With admirable clarity. Although I'm afraid there is more to it than that.

DOCTOR: There usually is.

CACOTHIS: How old do you take me for, Doctor?

DOCTOR: As non sequiturs go, that was a pretty good one. I'm not sure. Forty, forty five?

CACOTHIS: (laughs) Yes, a good guess.

DOCTOR: That far off, eh?

CACOTHIS: We are a cursed people, Doctor. Even Time itself has abandoned us.

(Something strikes a chime nearby.)

CACOTHIS: Forgive me, I must attend to my duties. Please, make yourself comfortable in my absence. Our home is your home.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Cacothis. It's very hospitable of you.

CACOTHIS: Doctor, one thing. For your own safety, I would advise against visiting the crypt.

DOCTOR: Oh? And what might I find down there?

CACOTHIS: It's more a case of what might find you. Long ago, something from outside found its way in. Something dangerous.

(Distant thunder, howling wind.)

C'RIZZ: We're here, Charley. Awake!

CHARLEY: C'Rizz? C'Rizz, it really is you! Oh, I thought I was dreaming.

C'RIZZ: No. Don't come any closer. The barrier can be dangerous.

CHARLEY: What happened to you? I mean, we half-thought you'd died. Wait till I tell the Doctor, he'll be. Hang on. You didn't move your lips when you spoke just then.

C'RIZZ: It's something I've learned how to do. I can do other things as well.

CHARLEY: You must learn pretty quickly. Can you get through this barrier?

C'RIZZ: Not yet, but we're working on it.

CHARLEY: We?

C'RIZZ: Come out of the shadows, my friends. Do not be afraid, Charley. They will not harm you.

CHARLEY: What are they?

C'RIZZ: Not what, who. These are the true people of Utebbadon-Tarria. The Chosen People.

ABORESH: We are honoured to meet you, Miss Pollard.

CHARLEY: Charmed, I'm sure.

ABORESH: I am Aboresh.

STRAITH: (distant) Oi! What are you doing down there? Identify yourself!

C'RIZZ: You may call out to him if you wish. He cannot see us.

CHARLEY: It's me, Charley!

STRAITH: Come back inside, Miss Charley. It's against the rules to wander the perimeter alone. It tends to excite the Outlanders.

CHARLEY: Sorry! I'll be right in. I should go.

C'RIZZ: Tell the Doctor only that we've spoken, and that I told you we'd be reunited soon. Nothing more. Please.

CHARLEY: But he'll want to know about Aboresh and the others.

C'RIZZ: He'll know everything soon enough. Trust me.

CHARLEY: Well, take care of yourself out there.

(Footsteps on loose ground.)

PHELGRETH: Straith, what was that girl doing down there all alone?

STRAITH: No idea. Foolish creature.

PHELGRETH: Odd.

STRAITH: What is?

PHELGRETH: It's hard to tell from here, but I could have sworn she was talking to someone.

STRAITH: Well, it wasn't Borarus, that much is certain. The Great Beast is currently roaming the Wood of Suicides, gathering victims by the look of it.

PHELGRETH: I wonder who it was.

DOCTOR: Trouble sleeping?

CHARLEY: Oh! Oh, Doctor. Oh, you scared the life out of me. What are you doing, skulking about in the shadows?

DOCTOR: I'll have you know I do some of my best thinking while skulking. What were you doing outside? I thought you were supposed to be sleeping.

CHARLEY: I was, but then I heard this. Oh, what does it matter whether I'm supposed to be sleeping or not? C'Rizz is alive, Doctor! He's on the other side of that barrier, and he wanted me to tell you he'd be joining us again soon.

DOCTOR: Can't imagine how he's going to accomplish that, but that's good news, Charley. Good news.

CHARLEY: It certainly is. So, what were you thinking about, then, during your skulking?

DOCTOR: I was contemplating this rather impressive full length mirror.

CHARLEY: Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher.

DOCTOR: I was looking *at* it, not into it. Beautiful, isn't it? Bevelled glass, impressive craftsmanship.

CHARLEY: Grimy, chipped, covered in finger marks.

DOCTOR: Finger marks? Where?

CHARLEY: Well there, all along the edge.

DOCTOR: Ah, well done, Charley. Fetch that torch for me, would you?

CHARLEY: Here. Why the sudden interest in a dirty mirror?

DOCTOR: Hold the flame closer. No, it's not the mirror that interests me, but what's behind it.

Ah ha. Step back a bit. (effort)

CHARLEY: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Trying to, trying to open it. Hmm. Right, stay here.

CHARLEY: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: Yeah, this chair should do nicely.

CHARLEY: Oh, you're not going to

DOCTOR: Watch your eyes.

CHARLEY: Seven years, Doctor. Seven years!

(Smash!)

DOCTOR: What are seven years when you've lived nine hundred.

CHARLEY: What's that?

BOTH: A secret passage!

DOCTOR: Come on.

CHARLEY: Er, I'm not wearing any shoes.

DOCTOR: Your toes look very pretty, too.

CHARLEY: They won't, once all this broken glass has had a go at them.

DOCTOR: Oh, see what you mean. Hang on. Right, pop these on.

CHARLEY: Moccasins?

DOCTOR: Given to me personally by Chief Powhatan himself.

CHARLEY: And who's he when he's at home?

DOCTOR: Pocohontas's dad. Right, come on, Alice. Time for us to journey through the looking-glass.

(Going down steps.)

CHARLEY: What do you expect we'll find down here?

DOCTOR: Quite possibly the key to everything on this disturbing little planet. Either that or the



wine cellar.

CHARLEY: Mmm, I fancy a nice Chablis.

DOCTOR: Well, they must have some pretty expensive wines. This door's got to be six inches thick.

CHARLEY: Sub-level two. Enter Alpha-Red security code or display retina for scan. Oh, that's the end of the line for us, then.

DOCTOR: Quitter. (whirring) This is all the security code we need.

CHARLEY: Oh, I was forgetting the sonic screwdriver. Tell me, did you get a Higher School Certificate in Advanced Breaking and Entering?

(Door slides open.)

DOCTOR: Top of my class.

(Footsteps.)

CHARLEY: What is this place?

DOCTOR: A laboratory, from the looks of it. Those must be individual monitoring stations around the perimeter, and in the centre

CHARLEY: Some sort of generator.

DOCTOR: Possibly. It's more like a projection unit of some kind. Now I can't imagine how much energy you'd need to power something that size.

CHARLEY: Doctor, look at these control panels.

DOCTOR: What about them?

CHARLEY: They've been wiped clean. Everything else in here is covered in a thick layer of dust, but not these.

DOCTOR: An excellent observation, Charley. Now, who do we think would be down here playing with centuries old technology, and why?

CHARLEY: Maybe someone's been trying to get this machinery started again.

DOCTOR: Possibly. That would certainly explain the smell.

CHARLEY: Smell? (sniffs) Oh, actually, yeah, it is a bit whiffy, now you come to mention it.

DOCTOR: Ozone, halide ions and sulphur dioxide. All of which leads me to suspect this place draws its energy from a geothermal source beneath our feet.

CHARLEY: Doctor, have a look at this.

DOCTOR: What is it?

CHARLEY: It looks like a map.

DOCTOR: These are structural blueprints. Let me have a look.

CHARLEY: Our mystery man's been looking at them, too.

DOCTOR: What makes you say that?

CHARLEY: They're dust free.

DOCTOR: It seems I was partially correct about that thing being a projection unit. We appear to be standing in the heart of a vast dimensional probe. Dangerous, to say the least. And quite possibly the reason this planet is as it is today. Cacothis mentioned something about a catastrophe.

CHARLEY: Lolanthia mentioned something about a sudden darkness which fell over this world. Could that be some cosmic disaster?

DOCTOR: More likely a home produced one. A botched dimensional experiment could have resulted in a localised inversion of the time-space continuum. Cacothis mentioned something about Time abandoning them. He seemed to be hinting that he was much, much older than he looked.

CHARLEY: That sort of makes sense of something Lolanthia said.

DOCTOR: What do you make of this?

CHARLEY: Citadel Industries.

DOCTOR: An odd coincidence, is it not, that our friend should refer to this place as the Citadel. Come on.

ABORESH: I sense less turmoil in your mind since you spoke to your friend.

C'RIZZ: It was good to see her, Aboresh. We've been through a lot together, Charley and I.

ABORESH: Then you would hate for anything unfortunate to happen to her.

C'RIZZ: Of course. And the Doctor. But with my new abilities, I can keep them safe. For once, they can both turn to *me* for protection.

ABORESH: And the more powerful you grow, the more protection you will be able to offer them. Come. On with our lessons.

(Door opens. Footsteps. Sniffing.)

CHARLEY: Let me guess. The infirmary.

DOCTOR: Very good.

CHARLEY: There's no mistaking that familiar tang of carbolic acid.

DOCTOR: Some things are the same the universe over. Now then.

(Opens metal cabinet and throws things out.)

DOCTOR: No. No. (clang) Oh, I don't even know what that is. Nope. (smash) Ah ha. Now we're talking.

CHARLEY: What have you found?

DOCTOR: A portable bioscanner. And it still works.

CHARLEY: Useful?

DOCTOR: Everything is useful.

CHARLEY: So, what's the diagnosis?

DOCTOR: You're human, for the most part.

CHARLEY: Anything else we should pilfer?

DOCTOR: No, this should be all I need to test a theory.

CHARLEY: Good. (yawns) Oh. Well, wake me up when the results are in. One of these hospital beds has my name on it.

DOCTOR: Look, I'm going to be another couple of hours yet. Why don't you go back upstairs and catch up on some sleep? We'll reconvene later.

CHARLEY: Only if you're sure. I don't mind staying awake. I mean, if you need a lab assistant.

DOCTOR: I'll be fine. Besides, I want you to keep an eye on Lolanthia.

(Rhythmic energy pulses.)

ABORESH: Excellent, C'Rizz. Keep it steady. Harmonise your mind with the boulder. Make each rotation as perfect as you can.

C'RIZZ: (effort) It's not easy, Aboresh. It's heavy.

ABORESH: Concentrate, C'Rizz. Concentrate.

C'RIZZ: Look out!

(Crash!)

C'RIZZ: Sorry.

ABORESH: No need to apologise. You did splendidly.

C'RIZZ: I could have hurt you.

ABORESH: At that velocity, you could have killed me. In the wrong hands, your mind could become a lethal weapon.

C'RIZZ: So, what's next?

ABORESH: Controlling another mind. We can begin with primitive creatures and move on from there. Follow me to the Wood of Suicides.

C'RIZZ: What a charming name.

LOLANTHIA [OC]: Readings are all in the blue. We're going to continue to flood the core then phase five will begin.

DOCTOR: Where's fast forward. Ah.

LOLANTHIA [OC]: Six, and all is proceeding on schedule. We should be able to puncture the dimensional rift this evening. Too bad Mother won't be here to see the look on Father's face when we tap that parallel (continues under -)

CACOTHIS: Switch that off!

DOCTOR: Cacothis. I was wondering when you'd show up. Fascinating stuff. Viewing figures are a tad low, I'm afraid. Doesn't bode well for a second series.

CACOTHIS: What is the meaning of this, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Shh. Looks like we're just getting to the best bit.

LOLANTHIA [OC]: Something's gone wrong! The roof's coming down. Help us! Please, someone help us!

CACOTHIS: That's enough!

DOCTOR: As you wish.

CACOTHIS: You have betrayed my hospitality, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You did tell me to make myself at home.

CACOTHIS: Yes, but I didn't expect you to enter a forbidden section of the Citadel.

DOCTOR: Why is it forbidden?

CACOTHIS: The Forsaker has declared this place off-limits. These things are profane, and the

thoughts required to understand them, blasphemous.

DOCTOR: That wasn't always the case though, was it? That was your own daughter on that playback, and she seemed to have a fairly large dollop of technical know-how. And from the sounds of it, you were in charge of the whole project. You and your wife.

CACOTHIS: That was then, Doctor. This is now, and much has changed.

DOCTOR: Oh, indeed it has, Cacothis. And I suspect for the worse.

(Clapping.)

ABORESH: A living pyramid. Oh, well done, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: It didn't take nearly as much effort as I anticipated, Aboresh.

ABORESH: Of course not. Your skills are growing exponentially. How does it feel, linking your mind to those of creatures so primitive?

C'RIZZ: Strangely pleasant. Shall I release them?

ABORESH: As you wish.

(Little things squeak and scuttle away.)

ABORESH: Let's try something a little more complex, shall we?

C'RIZZ: One of the mutants?

ABORESH: I had in mind something bigger. Much bigger. Come on.

DOCTOR: Why have things tumbled backwards, Cacothis? Why have you let them?

CACOTHIS: Because we played God and it was not our place.

DOCTOR: You made a mistake. It happens.

CACOTHIS: Not like this, Doctor. You don't understand.

DOCTOR: Oh, but I do, Cacothis, only too well. You were playing with fire right from the start. Where are the gravitic stabilisers? Where's the breach induction loop? You can't tamper with dimensional engineering without proper safeguards.

CACOTHIS: I know, I know. I argued for more time. I said we weren't ready. But the project was already behind schedule, so

DOCTOR: So you cut corners.

CACOTHIS: Yes.

DOCTOR: I take it this was a military operation?

CACOTHIS: It was funded by the Ministry for Peace, yes.

DOCTOR: A charming euphemism. And what was the thinking behind it? Folding space is a very expensive process. I can't imagine they did it for the furtherance of scientific knowledge.

CACOTHIS: At first it was just to probe other dimensions, to look for minerals and so forth. Then when they saw the possibilities for simultaneous transfer of material from one dimension to another

DOCTOR: They thought not of exploration but of conquest. Instantaneous troop movements into any part of the galaxy. No forewarning, no measured approach. Arrive, kill, conquer.

CACOTHIS: Regardless of their intentions, it all went very wrong. In an attempt to widen the dimensional breach, I bombarded the projectors with ionised taxonin. The relays exploded, the breach sheared through our world, and I was ripped in two.

DOCTOR: You heal well.

CACOTHIS: I use the expression very precisely, Doctor. The breach literally bisected my body. As I lay there on the laboratory floor, watching my life blood drain from me, I witnessed something beyond belief. Something miraculous.

DOCTOR: Go on.

CACOTHIS: From my shattered torso, a new lower half emerged. New bones, new tissues, new everything. Since then, I have not aged a day. Neither has anyone in the Citadel. No death, no new life.

DOCTOR: How long has it been like this, Cacothis?

CACOTHIS: Many lifetimes. Can you even begin to fathom what it must be like to live for thousands of years, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I can begin to.

CACOTHIS: Everything is as it was on the day the world ended. None of us can die or change. Children are an impossibility. Everything resets, nothing evolves. Our God was science, and science became angry and betrayed us all.

DOCTOR: So the faithless became the faithful. But not all.

CACOTHIS: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Someone among your ranks has not put away their faith in technology.

CACOTHIS: That cannot be. To enter these chambers is forbidden. The penalty is  
DOCTOR: Yes? What sort of punishment can one issue to an immortal? I imagine execution  
can become quite dull after the third or fourth time.

(Distant clang.)

DOCTOR: Shh.

CACOTHIS: Your young companion, Miss Charley?

DOCTOR: I don't think so. She should still be asleep upstairs.

CACOTHIS: Well, who then?

DOCTOR: Perhaps the other sinner in your midst, Cacothis. Come on.

(Distant clamour of voices.)

STRAITH: Phelgreth? Phelgreth.

(He runs up.)

PHELGRETH: Sir.

STRAITH: Gather the guard. I want every man and woman who's ever patrolled this roof top to  
report to me immediately.

PHELGRETH: Sir.

STRAITH: These Outlanders are up to something, and I don't like it, not one jot. Well, what are  
you waiting for, man?

PHELGRETH: Sorry, sir, it's just er, shouldn't we be worrying about Borarus? The beast is  
nearly at the barrier.

STRAITH: Try and see the bigger picture, Phelgreth. Just because Borarus is the largest thing  
on the horizon doesn't make it the most important. It's the Outlanders we should be worrying  
about, you mark my words. Well, get a move on!

PHELGRETH: Of course, sir. Sorry, sir.

(Runs off. A large animal trumpets a way off.)

(Door opens, something switched on.)

COMPUTER: Computer array to level ten, external monitors online.

LOLANTHIA: Log entry two thousand forty one. Sorry, two, I think. Anyway, today I'm going to  
bring the array back online to try

CACOTHIS: Lolanthia, how could you? This is blasphemy.

LOLANTHIA: Father! What are you doing here?

CACOTHIS: You have betrayed our sacred doctrine.

LOLANTHIA: Your doctrine, Father, not mine.

CACOTHIS: Don't you know the penalty? How could you do this?

(The large animal can just be heard.)

LOLANTHIA: Because we made this world and it is our responsibility to unmake it.

DOCTOR: If I could just

CACOTHIS: Stay out of this, Doctor.

LOLANTHIA: No, Father. Let him speak. This isn't just some petty family matter. The Doctor  
may have the answer.

DOCTOR: Actually, it's more of a question. What in the name of Kasterborous is that?

(The noisy big animal.)

CACOTHIS: It is Borarus, the Formless. The prophecy foretells its arrival at the time of the  
Wasting. A pilgrim

LOLANTHIA: Impressive though it appears, Doctor, it's nothing more than an unusual  
phenomenon. An energy amoeba. The barrier will stop it, don't worry.

DOCTOR: I hope you're right, Lolanthia. I really do.

PHELGRETH: Straith, what do we do?

STRAITH: I have already told you, Phelgreth. Borarus is not a threat. The barrier will hold it.

PHELGRETH: You're certain of that?

STRAITH: I'll stake my reputation on it.

(Crash!)

STRAITH: I don't believe it. It's coming through! Sound the alarm, you fool!

(A bell rings.)

(Which is heard inside.)

LOLANTHIA: It's breached the barrier. How is that possible? Father?

CACOTHIS: When Borarus comes into the Citadel, then must all sinners repent, for it is the Time of Shrivings.  
DOCTOR: You won't get any sense out of him. Now, what powers this so-called impenetrable barrier?  
LOLANTHIA: I've no idea. Presumably there are residuals still left in the power banks.  
DOCTOR: Possibly. What ever it is, we need to boost that power ten-fold, and we need to do it now.  
LOLANTHIA: Yes, Doctor. Main generators coming online.  
STRAITH: Overseer, forgive the intrusion but  
CACOTHIS: Straith, I want you and your men to arrest these two.  
STRAITH: Arrest them? But the creature, Borarus, it's breached  
CACOTHIS: That is an order. Take these blasphemers to the Chapel and lock them inside.  
DOCTOR: Don't be a fool, Cacothis. With any luck, we should be able to stop this.  
CACOTHIS: Remove them from my sight, Straith! At once!  
(Lots of footsteps.)  
DOCTOR: You're making a big mistake, Cacothis.  
LOLANTHIA: Father, we need to put things right. Father!  
CACOTHIS: Oh, and Straith?  
STRAITH: Overseer?  
CACOTHIS: Find that girl Charley. See that she is reunited with the Doctor.  
STRAITH: Yes, sir.  
COMPUTER: Projector array to level zero.  
CACOTHIS: Aurithca, our daughter has failed us.

DOCTOR: Straith, listen to me. You have to let us reactivate the barrier. The lives of everyone in this Citadel depend on it.  
STRAITH: Sorry, Doctor. It's more than my job's worth.  
(Big crash of stone.)  
LOLANTHIA: Hear that, Straith? Borarus is tearing the Citadel apart.  
STRAITH: Then the sooner I take care of you, Miss, the sooner me and my men can return to the fight.  
DOCTOR: The battle plan's all in order, then? Attacking on the right flank with flaming arrows? Whatever you have in mind, it won't work. You're dealing with something totally alien to your planet.  
STRAITH: We'll do our best, won't we, men.  
MEN: Yes, sir.  
STRAITH: Now move!  
C'RIZZ [OC]: Let them go.  
STRAITH: Who is it? Show yourself!  
C'RIZZ [OC]: Release them. Now.  
LOLANTHIA: That voice. Is it Borarus?  
DOCTOR: No, it's C'Rizz. I've no idea how you're managing this, C'Rizz, but I certainly am glad to hear your voice.  
LOLANTHIA: What is this C'Rizz?  
DOCTOR: He's my own personal deus ex machina.  
STRAITH: (scared) I'm not afraid of ghostly voices.  
C'RIZZ [OC]: I'm not going to ask again. Let them go!  
(High pitched sound.)  
C'RIZZ [OC]: I did warn you.  
DOCTOR: What are you doing to him, C'Rizz?  
C'RIZZ [OC]: He must know agony, Doctor. First he must confess his sins, and then he must pay for them. Only then can he be absolved. Confession! Penance! Absolution!  
(Straith screams.)

#### **[Part Four]**

C'RIZZ [OC]: Charley. Charley, help me.  
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, is that you? Where are you?  
C'RIZZ [OC]: Everywhere. Nowhere. I'm afraid.  
CHARLEY: Don't be. I'm here. I'll always be here.

C'RIZZ [OC]: I, I can't control it any more.

CHARLEY: Control what?

C'RIZZ [OC]: Confession. Penance. Absolution.

DOCTOR: That's enough, C'Rizz. Let them go. We are free.

C'RIZZ [OC]: Doctor, I can't stop it. Help me!

LOLANTHIA: Quickly, Doctor. They're dying.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz, withdraw now.

C'RIZZ [OC]: Sorry, Doctor. I'm losing control.

DOCTOR: Control of what?

C'RIZZ [OC]: The creature, Borarus, but it's too much for my mind. He said I could handle it and he was wrong.

DOCTOR: Who did? C'Rizz, you're not making sense.

C'RIZZ [OC]: Must go, Doctor.

(Silence.)

DOCTOR: C'Rizz? C'Rizz! Right, time for some answers. Lolanthia, fetch your father and meet me in the crypt.

LOLANTHIA: The crypt?

DOCTOR: Just do it. I need to find Charley.

(Runs off.)

ABORESH: You're doing fine, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: Aboresh, I feel as though I'm losing control of the creature. I nearly killed those guards.

ABORESH: I do not believe you'd have let them die. You are strong, C'Rizz. Stronger than any who have gone before you. The barrier around the Citadel has been breached. That has only happened once before.

C'RIZZ: And when was that?

ABORESH: A long time ago. Now Borarus is upon their walls and our army

C'RIZZ: *Your* army.

ABORESH: My army surges in support. The Citadel will fall.

C'RIZZ: What then?

ABORESH: Punishment for the sinners who dwell within.

C'RIZZ: You're holding something back, Aboresh. If you want me to help you, I need to know everything.

ABORESH: They, they took her prisoner.

C'RIZZ: A girl? All this for a girl?

(Door opens, footsteps.)

CHARLEY: The man called himself Aboresh.

DOCTOR: Oh, really. I do wish you'd tell me these things. Secrets are all very well when the universe isn't at stake.

CHARLEY: Well, how was I to know it was important?

DOCTOR: Ah, Cacothis. We meet again.

CACOTHIS: What is this about, Doctor?

(Snarl.)

DOCTOR: So, you're the creature that made it through the barrier. Hello, I'm the Doctor.

CACOTHIS: I wouldn't stand so near to the creature, Doctor. It bites.

LOLANTHIA: Pleased to see you again, Charley.

CHARLEY: And you, Lolanthia.

DOCTOR: Right, shall we get started?

(Uses the bioscanner.)

CACOTHIS: Where did you find that device, Doctor?

DOCTOR: The bioscanner? Oh, down in your laboratory, along with all those other abandoned fragments of yesteryear.

CHARLEY: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Collecting samples and confirming a theory.

CACOTHIS: And what theory would that be?

DOCTOR: Inversion barriers tend to work by preventing genetically different material from passing through them, whilst at the same time allowing right of entry to species with the same genetic code.

CHARLEY: What is it? What's the readout?  
DOCTOR: As I suspected. Lolanthia, I wonder if you'd mind standing still for a moment.  
LOLANTHIA: Why are you scanning me?  
DOCTOR: Just a minute. Cacothis, how long has this creature been imprisoned here?  
CACOTHIS: Er, two thousand years, perhaps.  
DOCTOR: A near-perfect genetic match. Take a look at the readings, Lolanthia.  
LOLANTHIA: No. No!  
CHARLEY: What is it?  
LOLANTHIA: We, we have the same DNA.  
CHARLEY: But that's impossible, unless  
LOLANTHIA: Mother?  
DOCTOR: You never did say what happened to your wife, Cacothis.  
CACOTHIS: No. No, Doctor, it cannot be!  
DOCTOR: For two millennia, your wife has been chained up like an animal, and for what crime. Being different? Being from the outside? And all it would have taken for you to know the truth would have been a simple scan using equipment that you yourself outlawed.  
CACOTHIS: But the creature was mad! She was. That is not Aurithca. No! I won't believe it!  
DOCTOR: Cacothis, come back! Stay with Lolanthia, Charley, and unchain that poor creature.  
(Runs.)

(Borarus roars.)

PHELGRETH: Straith, what did the Overseer say?  
STRAITH: That is for me to know and you to find out. Now report!  
PHELGRETH: None of our weapons are having the slightest effect on it. We have no defence against that creature.  
STRAITH: What about the lasers?  
PHELGRETH: Lasers? The law forbids them.  
STRAITH: Oblivion with the law. I've just been throttled half to death by a phantom! Now, I want a bank of baroric lasers along that wall, and I want it now. Go on, move it!  
PHELGRETH: Right. Men, you heard him.  
MEN: Sir.  
PHELGRETH: I hope you know what you're doing.  
STRAITH: So do I, Phelgreth. So do I.

DOCTOR: Cacothis, what is this place?  
CACOTHIS: It's the Chapel, a place of introspection.  
DOCTOR: Why did you run?  
CACOTHIS: Oh, shame, guilt.  
DOCTOR: So you survived the inversion unscathed and she didn't. You can't help that.  
CACOTHIS: Would that it were only that.  
DOCTOR: Then what is it?  
CACOTHIS: There was a young scientist. Handsome, clever, charming. Everyone adored him. The design of the gyroscopic core was his, and it was a work of genius. When preparations for the great day neared, I focused all my time and energy on the work. Aurithca felt, oh, lonely, I suppose. Excluded.  
DOCTOR: She left you for this other man.  
CACOTHIS: I confronted her about it. Some terrible things were said and we separated.  
DOCTOR: Did Lolanthia know?  
CACOTHIS: No. Not then, not now. Neither did the lover. I never confronted him about the affair. I simply sacked him. However, without his genius, the project was doomed to failure. So you see, Doctor, I let my vanity destroy this world.

(The Black Angel mews.)

LOLANTHIA: Two thousand years, Mother, chained up, locked away, hidden from me. I've missed you. What kind of world is this, Charley? This, this is my mother and look what we've done to her!  
CHARLEY: She's free now, Lolanthia. Your mother's free.  
LOLANTHIA: Come, Charley. I need to get back to the laboratory.  
CHARLEY: The Doctor told us to wait here.  
LOLANTHIA: No, he told you to stay with me, so accompany me to the laboratory. If I can

reverse the rotation of the gyroscopes, I might be able to weaken the barrier, perhaps even destroy it.

CHARLEY: Why would you want to do that? Surely it's the only protection you've got against the Outlanders.

LOLANTHIA: Who do you think the Outlanders are, Charley? They're us. Our families. People like my mother here. Come on, before it's too late.

CHARLEY: I'm right behind you.

STRAITH: Put your back into it, men. And fire!

PHELGRETH: The beams are passing right through the creature, Straith.

STRAITH: I can see that, Phelgreth. Once more! Fire!

CACOTHIS: What are they doing? I did not authorise the use of technology.

DOCTOR: Don't worry, those lasers won't harm Borarus. We're dealing with an entity composed of memory and thought.

CACOTHIS: So how do we defeat it?

DOCTOR: I still have an ace up my sleeve.

CACOTHIS: And that is?

DOCTOR: C'Rizz, my friend, out in the Wastelands. I need to communicate with him.

CACOTHIS: And how do you propose to do that?

DOCTOR: Ancient Gallifreyan technique. Go outside and shout. This way.

DOCTOR: (distant) C'Rizz!

C'RIZZ: Aboresh, it's the Doctor.

ABORESH: Tell him to leave.

C'RIZZ: I'll try, but I promise you he won't budge.

ABORESH: Why not?

C'RIZZ: Because he's the Doctor, that's why.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz!

(Whoosh.)

C'RIZZ: I'm here, Doctor.

STRAITH: A phantom.

DOCTOR: A Eutermesan.

C'RIZZ: Doctor, you must leave this place, and me. Please.

DOCTOR: Not until you explain to me what is happening here.

C'RIZZ: I can't, Doctor. You'll just have to trust me.

(Whoosh.)

DOCTOR: No, no, wait. C'Rizz! Don't just fade away.

C'RIZZ: He wouldn't listen.

ABORESH: Then we must proceed without him. We stand on the verge of total victory, C'Rizz. We cannot turn back now. Behold the thousands of dispossessed souls you have already brought me here.

C'RIZZ: What do you mean, that I have brought here?

ABORESH: You brought them across the immensity of space and time, and delivered them here. Together we will destroy the Citadel.

C'RIZZ: I cannot allow that.

ABORESH: You cannot stop it.

CHARLEY: Doctor, Lolanthia's attempting to destroy the barrier.

DOCTOR: Is she now? That'll certainly irritate our giant amoeba up there.

CACOTHIS: Should we stop her?

DOCTOR: Anything that irritates Borarus is fine by me.

CHARLEY: Doctor, what's Borarus?

DOCTOR: Borarus is legion, Charley. A pseudo-physical gestalt of the psychic emanations you released from C'Rizz's Absolver.

CHARLEY: Oh, so, so this is all my fault then.

DOCTOR: Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.



CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: Measure For Measure, Act Two, Scene Two. What I mean is, you're not to blame for those souls being in the Absolver in the first place. You released them by accident. Terrible things happen by accident, but great things too. I met you by accident.

(Roar, crash!)

CACOTHIS: Doctor, Borarus is breaking through.

DOCTOR: Unless that creature is stopped, it will consume this world, the next, and quite possibly the universe itself.

CACOTHIS: But *how* do we stop it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: We can't.

(Borarus roars.)

ABORESH: Absolution is what you do best, C'Rizz. Don't turn from it.

C'RIZZ: I, I did not mean for this to happen.

ABORESH: On your homeworld you thought only of there and then, absolving those without future. Absolving everyone, in fact.

C'RIZZ: They had to be saved.

ABORESH: Saved from you. No one touched by your hand was ever saved. All who feel the sting of your blade are damned.

C'RIZZ: Absolved!

ABORESH: Damned. Hear their cries, C'Rizz.

(Borarus roars.)

ABORESH: They call out from the endless night. They call for release. And you can save them all.

C'RIZZ: How? How do I do it?

ABORESH: Be true to yourself. Suit your form to your deeds.

(Squidge, squelch.)

C'RIZZ: What's happening? It's not supposed to work like this. Ah, it hurts! Help me, Aboresh. I don't want to die.

ABORESH: You're not dying, C'Rizz. You're evolving. Brothers and sisters, the way is open! Follow me to the Citadel! Paradise awaits!

CHARLEY: It sounds like the Outlanders have broken through, Doctor. We'd better barricade this door somehow.

DOCTOR: Get away, Charley. Get away from there!

(Big crash!)

CHARLEY: Why couldn't they knock like anyone else?

ABORESH: Ah, Charley, we meet again. Come here, girl.

DOCTOR: Let go of her, Aboresh.

ABORESH: I think I'll hold onto her for the time being, in case you're feeling heroic, Doctor.

Silence, rabble. I got you what you wanted. Access to the Citadel. Now go off and enjoy it! What happens here is none of your concern. Oh, peace at last.

DOCTOR: You must be C'Rizz's new best friend.

ABORESH: I am his mentor.

DOCTOR: And just what have you been teaching him?

ABORESH: I've been helping him to realise his full potential. Someone had to correct the damage done by your interference.

DOCTOR: Interference?

ABORESH: You took him out of his home universe. Within the confines of that dimension, C'Rizz was on his way to becoming a god.

CHARLEY: A god?

DOCTOR: Sounds most unhealthy.

ABORESH: Silence!

CACOTHIS: Aboresh! You are not welcome here.

ABORESH: I'm not leaving without her, Cacothis.

CACOTHIS: I don't know who you mean.

ABORESH: Oh, don't play the fool. You know I'm talking about Aurithca. Her mother, your wife, my beloved.

LOLANTHIA: Father, what does he mean?

ABORESH: Oh, how touching. You never told her? Wanted to spare her heartache, did you?

CACOTHIS: I would have told her, but, but after the accident there was no point.  
ABORESH: There was no accident.  
DOCTOR: Ah, now we come to the interesting part. Go on, Aboresh.  
ABORESH: I knew back then that my days were numbered in the facility. I was too intelligent for my own good. Well, the last thing I wanted was to see Cacothis getting all the credit for the probe's success, so when he fired me.  
LOLANTHIA: You sabotaged the machinery.  
ABORESH: Before I left, I shorted out the projector's rod cluster.  
CACOTHIS: Then it's you who are to blame for all this. For everything!  
ABORESH: Yes, but I have learned to live with that.  
CACOTHIS: You murderer!  
DOCTOR: Cacothis, don't!  
(Cacothis screams.)  
ABORESH: Ah, ah, ah. You forget the powers now under my command. I can tear you limb from limb simply by force of will.  
CACOTHIS: Argh, no, please no. The pain! It's like, like daggers in my mind.  
LOLANTHIA: Leave him alone!  
ABORESH: No, girl. I have waited eons for this moment. How does it feel, Cacothis?  
CACOTHIS: No! No! No! No, I won't beg.  
LOLANTHIA: (sotto) Doctor, we've got to help him.  
DOCTOR: (sotto) Lolanthia, push the turbine up to maximum  
LOLANTHIA: (sotto) What will that do?  
DOCTOR: (sotto) Just do it. I can manipulate the resonance, and may be able to set up a telepathic interference pattern.  
LOLANTHIA: (sotto) Maximum output, Doctor.  
DOCTOR: (sotto) All right. Apologies for the headaches.  
CHARLEY: But I don't have a headache.  
DOCTOR: Now!  
(Very short big noise. Cries of pain.)  
DOCTOR: Cacothis, pull the red lever.  
CACOTHIS: What, Doctor?  
DOCTOR: The red lever next to you. It opens the central air shaft. Look at Aboresh. He's standing directly over the hatchway. He'll be sucked half a kilometre underground. Charley, help him. I can't hold these turbines much longer. They're going to burn out.  
ABORESH: (laughs) Did you think gravity would stop me, Doctor? Levitation is but child's play to a mind as powerful as mine.  
CACOTHIS: You, you have destroyed everything!  
LOLANTHIA: Father, no!  
ABORESH: You will die, Cacothis. Die!  
CACOTHIS: Oh, what have you done? I wronged you. I am so sorry.  
ABORESH: Witness my apotheosis, Aurithca. Soon we will be united, my love. You and I for eternity.  
(Aurithca shrieks and flaps her wings.)  
ABORESH: Aurithca, what are you doing? No! No!  
(His cries fade out to a distant splat.)  
DOCTOR: Close the hatch, Charley.  
CHARLEY: Right.  
(Creak, clang.)  
CHARLEY: That's it.  
(Lolanthia cries.)  
DOCTOR: Your mother saved us, Lolanthia. The least we can do is repay the compliment and save your world. This isn't over yet.

PHELGRETH: Straith! We must withdraw to the armoury.  
STRAITH: What does it look like I'm trying to do.  
PHELGRETH: Straith, look out!  
(A snarling something attacks. Phelgreth dispatches it.)  
PHELGRETH: Straith, give me your arm. I can carry you.  
STRAITH: No. No, I, I'm done. This is the Forsaker's will. I leave the defence of the Citadel to you. Carry on, Captain Phelgreth.

PHELGRETH: You stupid old man. How am I supposed to do all this on my own? Come on, if you're coming.  
(Borarus attacks, Phelgreth's scream fades into the distance.)

(Sonic screwdriver, then door closes.)

DOCTOR: It's done, Lolanthia. But only use it as a last resort.

LOLANTHIA: I understand, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. Charley, it's time we went up top again.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz?

DOCTOR: C'Rizz. He may yet be able to salvage this situation.

LOLANTHIA: Good luck, Doctor, and goodbye.

CHARLEY: Goodbye for now. We're hoping to come back in one piece, aren't we, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Absolutely, for a nice cup of sherva and a slice of cake. Au revoir. Remember, Lolanthia, don't throw that switch unless all hope is lost. You promise?

LOLANTHIA: I promise.

DOCTOR: Ta ta for now.

(Footsteps up stairs.)

LOLANTHIA: As far as I'm concerned, Doctor, all hope is already lost.

(Hum of machinery powering up.)

CHARLEY: What was that thing you built for Lolanthia?

DOCTOR: A genetic assimilator. I realigned the projector core to fold not space and time, but genes. If she activates it, it'll merge the genes of the Outlanders with those of anyone left in the Citadel. Stop.

(Roar! Scream!)

CHARLEY: Is that a good thing?

DOCTOR: Not if you and I are still in the Citadel. Our genes would go into the melting pot too.

CHARLEY: Well, let's hope she doesn't throw the switch.

DOCTOR: I'd be very much surprised if she hasn't already.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: Don't worry, I built in a five minute delay.

CHARLEY: Five minutes? Well what are we hanging around here gassing for? Come on!

CHARLEY: Oh, we made it. The Tardis.

DOCTOR: Back to its old blue self.

(Crash!)

CHARLEY: Oh, look out! Borarus.

C'RIZZ: Borarus, halt.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz! Is that you? What's happened to you? You look like the Devil.

(C'Rizz clops forward on hooves. His voice is deeper, angry, and reverberates slightly.)

C'RIZZ: I am as I should be. This is my true form.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz, listen to me. You need to recapture those souls and put them back into your Absolver, otherwise your pet Borarus here is going to absorb every populated planet in this corner of the galaxy, and then once it's done it'll move on to other galaxies until it absorbs every living thing in this universe.

C'RIZZ: You need not fear the Beast. It is but an extension of myself.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, what's happened to you? What have they done to you?

C'RIZZ: And as for the Absolver, it is worthless now. It has served its purpose. It was only ever an elaborate key to unlock a far greater vessel. You see, the actual Absolver is me.

CHARLEY: What?

DOCTOR: Is this what you were constructed for, C'Rizz?

CHARLEY: What do you mean, constructed? This is C'Rizz we're talking about. Flesh and blood, remember?

DOCTOR: Flesh and blood maybe, Charley, but I think his people somehow built him for a purpose. Maybe he's a living Reliquary. Is that it, C'Rizz?

C'RIZZ: You show some understanding of my purpose, Doctor.

CHARLEY: You're both talking nonsense. This is C'Rizz, not some, I don't know, machine.

DOCTOR: Maybe the Eutermesans wanted immortality, Charley, but weren't quite clever enough to achieve it. Instead they created a vessel which would contain their thoughts and essences beyond death, preserving them in the hope that future generations would solve the

problem of eternal life. I think C'Rizz is that vessel.

C'RIZZ: The souls that make up Borarus, they were never inside the Reliquary. They were always within me.

DOCTOR: Then reclaim them, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: I'm sorry, Doctor, I can't do that. Borarus is destiny.

DOCTOR: Yours or ours?

C'RIZZ: I must save you both!

DOCTOR: Save us for what? Absorption, absolution, whatever you call it, that's not salvation. That's murder.

C'RIZZ: I am not an angel of death, Doctor, but an angel of life everlasting.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, listen to me. If you continue with this madness, the last two people who love you will be gone forever.

C'RIZZ: No. You will be saved, preserved.

CHARLEY: No, C'Rizz, that's nonsense.

C'RIZZ: Your essences will be contained within me forever.

DOCTOR: All right, C'Rizz, all right. Absolve me if you must, but let Charley go. Let her go.

CHARLEY: Doctor, no!

C'RIZZ: I have no choice.

DOCTOR: Yes, you do. Nobody controls you. You are the master of your own destiny.

(Big rumble.)

CHARLEY: (sotto) Was that your assimilator thing?

DOCTOR: (sotto) The five minutes are up.

CHARLEY: C'Rizz, do something or we'll all die. Please!

C'RIZZ: What have you done?

DOCTOR: Too late, Charley. I'm sorry.

(All cry out! Rumble which then reverses itself into silence.)

CHARLEY: What's happened? Did it go wrong?

DOCTOR: It can't have gone wrong. The process was irreversible.

CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, look at C'Rizz. He's back to normal!

DOCTOR: C'Rizz? Was this your doing?

C'RIZZ: (in pain) I absorbed it, Doctor. The power of the genetic assimilator.

DOCTOR: That's madness. It'll break down your genome.

C'RIZZ: I know. It was the only way of saving you. Aboresh was wrong about you, Doctor. He said that you interfered in my development, held me back. Argh! But you showed me how a person may become something greater than himself, may fashion his own destiny. And you brought me the gift of Time. It helped heal many wounds, Doctor, except one.

DOCTOR: L'Da.

C'RIZZ: I miss her so much, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know.

C'RIZZ: Ah! (gasps) I'll shortly be joining her.

CHARLEY: (crying) No, C'Rizz, you can't die.

C'RIZZ: I've been running from my own salvation for far too long, Charley. It'll be good to face it. Finally.

(Moaning voices, briefly.)

C'RIZZ: Borarus and I, we're finished. It won't be long now. Journey's end.

CHARLEY: No, C'Rizz. There's more to see, more of the universe to explore. Tell him, Doctor. We can make it all right. We can fix it.

DOCTOR: It's too late, Charley.

CHARLEY: No, it can't be. We can't let him die.

C'RIZZ: I'm not scared of dying, Charley. All things must die. (roar that fades out) Borarus is no more, and I've only a little time left to say goodbye. Farewell, Doctor. Thank you for everything.

DOCTOR: Goodbye, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: Argh!

CHARLEY: Oh, C'Rizz.

C'RIZZ: No more words, sis, except these two. Goodbye, Charley.

(Fizz like a Catherine Wheel spinning and ending.)

CHARLEY: He, he's gone.

DOCTOR: I know, I know.

(Thunder.)

CHARLEY: Doctor, is that sunshine?

DOCTOR: After three thousand years. C'Rizz's final gift. Come on, let's get back to the Tardis before we get soaked through.

DOCTOR: You all right, Charley?

CHARLEY: The Tardis seems to have repaired itself.

DOCTOR: Yeah, everything's back to the way it was before.

CHARLEY: Before what?

DOCTOR: Time and place, Charley. Come on. Where to next? How about a spot of Commedia dell'Arte to cheer you up? Harlequin, Columbina. Of course, my favourite's always been Il Dottore.

CHARLEY: How can you be like this?

DOCTOR: What?

CHARLEY: Doctor, C'Rizz is dead. He just turned to dust in front of us, and look at you, all smiles and where to next, Charley.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry.

CHARLEY: Sorry? Just now you said, back to the way it was before. You meant before C'Rizz, didn't you? It's almost as if you're glad. Glad he's gone. Is that it?

DOCTOR: Charley, I don't know what to say to you. I know what's happened is painful for you.

CHARLEY: Painful for me? What about you?

DOCTOR: I

CHARLEY: You never really cared for him, did you, Doctor. Well? Oh, come on, admit it.

DOCTOR: Charley, that's just not true.

CHARLEY: Isn't it? Look at yourself. You're perfectly happy to just, I don't know, to carry on as if nothing has happened. How can you do that? Oh, it's because you liked it the way it used to be, before the Divergent Universe. Just you and naive little Charlotte Pollard hanging on your every word.

DOCTOR: Charley, Charley, stop it.

CHARLEY: The little girl you saved from the Web of Time.

DOCTOR: Stop, stop this now.

CHARLEY: The only thing you really care about is this wretched machine. (laughs) Look at you. Now you're hurt.

DOCTOR: People come and go. It's not. Look, it's not that I don't care about them, but

CHARLEY: Oh, but what, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Charley, everybody leaves. Everybody. When it comes down to it, there's just me and the Tardis.

CHARLEY: Take me home.

DOCTOR: What?

CHARLEY: I think I've had enough. Yeah, I'm finished.

DOCTOR: Charley, home means somewhere over France, back aboard the R101.

CHARLEY: Does it? I thought this was home.

DOCTOR: Look, I think you just, you need

CHARLEY: I'm going to my room now to pack. I would appreciate it if you could let me know when we've arrived.

DOCTOR: Charley?

CHARLEY: No, Doctor. Remember, everybody leaves.